

Through My Eyes

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Summary: Look through Astrid's eyes from when The Red/Green Death (I don't know which to call it) dies, to the end of the movie. My first oneshot, but I hope it's not too long!

Through My Eyes

****A/N:** it's my first one shot, and I like to do things in Astrid's point of view, so...yeah. this also included my way of the filler scene when they all go home, and I hope you like it!**

****Disclaimer:** I do not own How to Train Your Dragon or any of its characters...yet**

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><p>It wasn't possible.<p>

I refused to believe it.

Just a few days ago, Hiccup Horrendous Haddock 3rd was a scrawny boy with no Viking like abilities. Now, here he was, becoming the hero I'm guessing he had thought would never happen to him.

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I watched as The Red Death's jaw and throat caught ablaze from Toothless's own fire.

Hiccup flipped Toothless around, facing the ground that was closing in on the threesome. I could tell something was wrong when the rider and dragon tumbled around the falling dragon, and I watch with the others on the ground with fearful thoughts

There, I admitted it.

I was fearful.

I didn't scold myself for it either, now that I had realized that it was ok to have fear, even if it was hard to except it. All my life I avoided fear, and strived to be the best.

But now, I let out all my fears as I watched the monster crash into the ground, setting up a wall of explosion. I ducked, holding my hands in front my face as ash and dirt flew up from the ground. I opened my eyes for a millisecond, hoping for a glimpse of the riding pair, any sign that they were alright, but instantly regretted it.

In that millisecond I saw something that would burn into my brain forever and it weren't the flames. Falling down from the top of the giant dragon was an obsidian shape, and underneath it, a small green shape, falling just before a wave of fire closed over them.

"HICCUP!-" I screamed, just before ash caught in my lungs, and I started coughing. _Noâ€|no this wasn't happening! _Others were screaming and shouting from the heat and dust, but my reason for a totally different matter.

That scrawny, weak, un-Viking-like boy was the reason for all my uncharacteristic reactions right now. Never before had I screamed; I shouted. Never before had I felt fear; I felt worry. You could say they were the same thingâ€|unless you argued with any Hofferson.

He had opened my eyes to the real world, what dragons could really be like, andâ€|(Don't you DARE tell this to anyone!)how to express your feelingsâ€|sorta. He forced me onto the ride of my life, and it was more than I could ever dream.

Now, that same boy could be dead.

I felt Stoic run ahead of me, breathlessly call out Hiccup's name. He ran through the ash, calling out to him. "Hiccup? Hiccup! Son!-â€|Hiccupâ€|?" he suddenly jerked around and paused; he saw something in those ashes we didn't. He dashed ahead into the gray floating flakes.

The Vikings gathered up behind him as the ash cleared. I was stuck in the back with Gobber, my fear welling up. I shoved at the people in front of me, desperate to see what had happened, hoping with my life that he was alrightâ€|everything should be fineâ€|oh dear Odinâ€|

I shoved the front person so hard, I almost fell over. Returning my balance, I looked up and almost fell over backwards with the scene.

There, saddle broken, newly made leather tail fin singed away to nothing, was that same obsidian dragon, Toothless, lying on the ground covered in burn marks and ash.

The poor beast breathed ragged, wheezy breaths. The smallest part of me was happy he had made it alive; though I knew I should be happier, but my eyes widened when I saw my main fear come true. My hopes shattered, and my heart felt like it had been smashed by a mallet. My eyes watered up when I saw what was missing:

What was missing from the scene was the poor boy that had gotten himself dragged into possible death, just to get his father to except him for who he was.

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"Oh sonâ€¦I'm so sorryâ€¦" Stoic whispered, but he said it loud enough for me to hear; I was the closest up in the front of the tragedy. I was breathing quickly, my throat hard, making my breath ragged. I felt Gobber put one hand on my shoulder, and I don't know if he was trying to comfort me, or steady himself; I'm guessing how hard it must be to see you apprentice dead.

Toothless had opened his eyes, but didn't look any better. My mind was filling with outrageous thoughts. For example, _What if he burned up in the fire like that Red Death? What if he had turned to ashes as well and we were standing on them?_ The thoughts made me cringe and I tried to force myself to stop.

Toothless looked at Stoic, and his gaze flickered to me for just a second, his pupils dilating. He slowly opened his closed up wings, and he was holdingâ€¦ "Hiccup!" Stoic cried. He picked up his son and threw his helmet to the ground, and pressed an ear to Hiccup, trying to listen for a heartbeat.

It seemed like hours before he had spoken. I knew it was only about 2 seconds, but I didn't care. Was. He. Alive. Or. Not?! Stoic let out a small, what sounded like a laugh, and finally said, "He's alive! You brought him back alive!" he exclaimed to Toothless, his voice cracking.

I brought my hands up to my face, trying to hide what was probably over excitement compared to everyone else. The only thought in my mind now was, _He's alive! He's alive! HE'S ALIVE!_ Out of the corner of my eye I saw Gobber walk up to Stoic, as he said to Toothless, placing a burned hand on his head, "Thank you, for saving my son." Then Gobber said six words that will _never_ leave my thoughts,

"Well, you knowâ€¦most of him."

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My hands fell from my face.

What do you mean? I thought to myself. I forced myself to walk up there, my body shaking. _Oh Odinâ€¦pleaseâ€¦don't take him now!_ I pleaded. He had finally gotten respect from his father, and as both our luck, mine and Hiccup's, would have it, he might die right after.

Once I got up there, I finally had a chance to see him after the victory I hoped would happen, but it wasn't in the state I wanted. He was burned, covered in ash, and in a coma; I could tell immediately. I followed Stoic and Gobber's vision and before I could stop myself, I had seen what Gobber had meant.

Most of himâ€¦

The image wouldn't leave, no matter how hard I tried. Hiccup's left

foot was entirely singed, bloody, and broken just below the knee cap. I could feel bile rise in my throat. I closed my eyes and covered my mouth, turning away from the unconscious form. I opened my eyes and saw the rest of the teens look at me with curiosity. I shook my head at them, trying to warn them not to come any closer; I didn't want them to have to see this either.

Anger suddenly rose in my head. _Why? Why should such a thing be placed upon such a good person? He's done nothing to deserve this! He saved all of our lives, and the dragons, and _this _is what he gets in return?_ I looked over at stoic, thinking,

You'd better be proud of himâ€|

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Realization came over me as Stoic told us the plan. I knew that we'd have to eventually, seeing the ships were destroyed, but I didn't know we'd have to go so fast! I mentally slapped myself. _Of course we would! We got injuries to take care ofâ€|_ my mind wandered to Hiccup's leg. I knew he'd have to have it removed, but I didn't want to dwell on it.

I was mad at everything; especially now that I knew that Toothless wouldn't be able to be near his rider. It appears that we had one or two very small boats docked near the rocks full of medical supplies. Toothless would have to ride in those ships until we got home; one, he couldn't fly, and two, he was terribly burned and weak.

Hiccup and I are the only ones able to get Toothless to follow. After a good 30 minutes, Toothless finally got into one of the medical boats. I watched with newly watered eyes as he cried out to his rider as the boat sailed back to Berk. I knew it would be slow for him; the rowers probably weren't use to a Night Fury on their decks.

Me on the other hand, I _was not_ leaving Hiccup's side anytime soon. I was partially mad at the kid, my mom thought I was a traitor after the fight in the arena, also, he dragged me down a bit with him, and I wasn't going to leave him until the whole thing was over. Plus, I was very much sure that if Toothless couldn't be there to take him home, he would want someone else he knew to come instead to keep him company other than his father and medical doctors.

"I don't care what dragon we're going on, I'm not going on one he's not on." I crossed my arms over my chest and stood my ground. Adults thought they controlled everything; well its bound time someone else other than them did. "Besides, you're going to need someone with dragon riding experience," I point to the limp body in Stoic's arms. "I'm sure he's not going to help much. Otherwise you may just crash into a rock, or fall into the ocean. "I held a stern gaze. There isn't any exception now. Gobber sighed, "'Strid, there'll be too many people on tha' dragon for it to carry. He needs medical help incase o' anythin' on the way back." Gobber said, pointing to the Monstrous Nightmare that was going to take Hiccup back. I grimaced, Monstrous Nightmares were officially my least favorite dragon, thanks to the one that had almost killed Hiccup earlier in the day.

I sighed, allowing them to think that I had given in, but surprised them by saying with a stern voice, "Either I come with you, or he'll be riding with me." And I meant it. Stoic rolled his eyes and

gestured for me to come with him. _Finally! _I thought in my head. Stoic allowed me to steer the dragon in the front, him with Hiccup behind me, and a medical person in the back. Luckily the dragon's elongated back and spikes on either side would protect Hiccup from any rocks we might hit.

I made a promise never to steer a Monstrous Nightmare again. I finally got it to fly, although it had a bumpy start. I looked back to see if everyone else were ok, and saw, Stoic andâ€¦Incor I believe was the person's name? I never really bothered to learn people's names unless they drew much attention to themselves. I'd never admitted this now, but that was probably the only reason I knew Hiccup's name. He was constantly wrecking things, which just drew attention to himself, even though I knew he didn't mean it.

Anyway, Stoic and Incor had petrified looks on their faces, and I knew their sanity wouldn't last long. I sighed, and told them to hold on, and then we stopped flying in the same spot, and took off.

That's when I promised that I wouldn't steer a Nightmare again. I would ride it only if I had to, and if Hiccup- _when_ Hiccup woke up, he would steer in any situation with a Nightmare. First off, this one had not fully adapted to letting Vikings ride on it, and I could tell with every rock we bumped, it did it on purpose. I held back whacking the creature only for Hiccup's safety. Nightmares can light themselves on fire when they are angered, and I had a feeling we were already pushing its limits due to the heated scales I was sitting on.

I steered the way most would steer this type of dragon; with its horns. I'm guessing that was correct, but it still seemed irritated. Every now and then I would look back to see if Hiccup was alright, and find that the adult's faces were more scared and worried than before.

I sighed, I knew that Hiccup's safety was more endangered now, seeing how Stoic wasn't even holding onto him to keep him from falling out; he was clinging onto the dragon's scales. Suddenly I was enraged; he had let his wounded foot hit the side of the large spikes on the dragon, causing him to cry out in his sleep, also that he was giving more and more ragged breaths, as if the cold air was making him more ill.

"Give him to me." I said, trying not to let my anger show. Stoic shook his head silently like a five year old. I sighed, and landed the dragon on one of the many rocks. Once we were fully on the ground, I turned to face him. "Don't you want him to be safe, or not?" Stoic nodded.

After many minutes of arguing, he finally let me take him; probably so he'd have more space to hold on. I smile to myself; the chief can be strong, but right now he looked as frightened as a deer when someone throws a rock on the ground.

He held out Hiccup to me, and I braced myself, expecting him to be heavy like most people would. But he wasn't, instead he weighed less than half; I had forgotten how weak he wasâ€¦ I took him and place him in front of me, hoping the dragon's head would block out most of the wind. I looked down at him, frowning. He looked like he was

asleep except from his pained expression and wheezy breathing. I sighed, closing my eyes for a few seconds, letting the men behind me regain their control over their sanity.

For the first time in many years, I felt a drop of wetness slide down my face. _I'm so sorryâ€|_ I looked down at the 'dragon boy', my tear falling onto him. He didn't stir. As I waited for the two other riders to calm down (they were taking more time than I thought), I adjusted Hiccup so he'd be more comfortable on the dragon's snake-like neck.

We ended up having me and Incor switch places; him driving now. He was concerned for his patient, which made him more focused. "All you have to do is steer with his horns, but _do not kick him_." I instructed him, hoping he'd follow them.

As tried at first dragging Hiccup, but didn't move him, seeing how his foot would hit everything. I picked him up gently, climbing off the dragon, to my way on the back of it. I looked down at the boy I was holding again, seeing how his face was bruised and had various burn marks. His expression told me his body was in pain. _Oh dear Odinâ€|pleaseâ€|don't let him feel this in his sleep!_

I climbed up on the back of the dragon carefully, placing Hiccup on my lap. I brushed his singed bangs away from the burn mark on his forehead, feeling more tears coming.

It had started the day I followed him to the cove. I'll give you the short version of the story: it changed my life.

Ever since I would never let any harm come to Hiccup, and if something did harm him, like the Monstrous Nightmare, who gave Hiccup quite a bruise on his left shoulder, I had thrown a hammer at its jaw. So I guess we're even.

I felt Hiccup's bruised shoulder tense up on my right arm; that dragon did quite some damage. I felt the dragon's body lift off the ground at last, and we headed off.

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We got home before the hour was up.

It was sunset when we landed, and thankfully everyone got home on the dragons without much problem. I helped Stoic carry Hiccup back to their house. While we were walking, the rest of the teens finally spotted us. They rushed over, all asking if Hiccup was alright. I tried to shoo them, but Tuffnut caught a glimpse at Hiccup's legs, and his eyes widened in surprise, "Whoaâ€|what happened to Hiccup?" he asked, causing everyone to look. At that moment I stomped on the closest person's foot; Snotlout's. he jumps and yelped, clutching his foot, making everyone back off.

When we entered the door way, I heard a voice that shouldn't be speaking before an amputation. Eyes blurred and barley moving, Hiccup said, "â€|'Stridâ€|?" looking at me as Stoic placed him onto a table. I looked at him worriedly. I half whispered to him, half to me, "You can' be up now! Go back to sleep!" he cried out in extreme pain as hit foot touched the table.

My heart panged, hurting. I took hold of one of his burned hands, saying, "Please, go back to sleep! You can't be up right now!" he look at me in the eye, then resumed into unconsciousness. I smiled and let go of his hand.

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I closed my eyes as the doctor came in to help with the amputation.

I didn't open my eye the entire time, I've seen blood, but I would never want to see as much as I knew was there on Hiccup. I knew he had slipped into unconsciousness, but he let out short, painful, shrieks every 2 seconds during the procedure. With each one my heart felt like thorns were being stuck with thorns. Eventually, my own sanity ran out. I couldn't see, but I knew Hiccup was causing trouble when the doctor growled. "Astrid, hold him down please." He ordered me, then trying to whisper, he asked, "Why is she staying for this?" I had a feeling it was to Gobber, who had come in earlier. Before he could speak, I shouted, "Because he's my friend you mutton-heads!" I grabbed Hiccup's arm, trying to hold him down, which just eventually lead me to tears.

I grabbed hold of his hand again, tears streaming down my face. _Stop it Astrid! No one can see you cry! _I yelled at myself, but that didn't stop one more salted water drop fall down my face. _You're tough, Astrid! What happened to you? Just because some weakling excuse for a Viking took you on some _'magical joy-ride' _doesn't mean you get to soften up!_ I could hear my mother's words now.

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I haven't left Hiccup's bed side since.

We had Toothless be kept down at the docks, which I knew wasn't fair for him, but understandable. I had a chair on the right side of his bed, and I constantly sat there, and did nothing but hope. I wanted to be the one welcoming him back from his coma, and I was going to accomplish that.

After 2 days went by, I heard an annoying chatter outside. I got up from my usual spot, and outside the door where 3 terrible terrors, each fighting over a piece of fish. I sighed and tried to pick up the fish, but one snapped at my hand.

So we're going to do this the hard way, huh?

I took my axe from its spot outside the door and picked up the fish with that. I completely forgot about them flyingâ€|

I snatched the fish and ran with it, hoping to get them as far from the house as possible. As I ran, Toothless bounded past me. I slowed down a bit, seeing now how they must have let them out. As I slowed down, the terrible terrors tackled me, each trying to get the fish.

I threw it far off, and yelped a bit as their claws sprang off of me. I sighed and made my way back to Hiccup's house. I noticed a large group around his house, and in the middle I saw Stoic

andâ€|Hiccup!

I ran all the way up, slowing down so I could get past everyone. I heard Hiccup say something that made everyone chuckle, but that didn't matter now.

I punched his shoulder, making him cry out and stumble on his new walking device. "That's for scaring me." I said. And it was true; he did give me a good scare. I smiled for I just planned my next move, for whatever his reaction may be. "W-What? What is it always going to be this way, 'cause-" I stopped him short, as I ignore the people around me and launched my plan.

I kissed him.

I laughed inwardly at his expression when I backed off. He had a dumbfounded face, quickly blinking it away, saying, "I could get used to it." Finishing his sentence. I smiled, but inside I felt like a hundred rays of sunshine were finally seeping into my warrior-like shell.

"Welcome home." Gobber said, handing him a contraption similar to the one I caught him carrying one day when he caught me training in the woods. my eyes narrowed, _I was going to say that!_

"Night Fury! Ahh- Get down!" Vikings around me exclaimed, as Toothless jumped across heads to his rider. I laughed, _so that's where he went!_ Hiccup put on a sheepish expression, as if embarrassed for his dragon's cat-like performance.

I found my Deadly Nadder, who I had named Stormfly, next to the great hall. I brought her over to where Hiccup had finished putting on Toothless's new saddle. Before he climbed on I called him over, when he finally reached me (he was having trouble adjusting to his new leg), I hugged him. He wobbled back a bit in surprise, "Uhâ€|" was all he said. I guess it was strange to wake up and have everyone around you call you a hero.

"Don't you try something like that again. You nearly died." I said sternly. The kid nearly gave me a heart attack! He chuckled a bit before nodding, hopping onto Toothless. I climbed onto Stormfly as he put his new foot in the stirrup of Toothless's new saddle. He looked at the new tail fin; it was red and had a Viking helmet with eyes on it. He looked up at me smiling, I smiled back, it was one of those rare, true smiles you'll ever find on him. He looked back down at Toothless. "You ready?" he asked his dragon. he shook his head once, signaling a yes.

Before we took off, he looked up once more at the scene, dragons flying around, and Vikings riding them. I could hear him breath in deeply, as if happy with what e saw. Who wouldn't be?

He took off first, me following him so he wouldn't pass out again. "Come on!" I shouted, as my competitive side took over, challenging him to a race. He flipped Toothless around in a loop, cheering. I laughed in response, for he had almost made one man choke on his drink.

Toothless let out one of his cries, and Hiccup shouted with him, punching the air. I looked back at him as we crossed over a bridge,

him cutting short and turning him into the lead. But for once in my life, I didn't mind. In fact, I cheered. Flying again with him (and now Fishlegs, as he had joined us on the bridge) was one of the greatest feelings ever. "Last one there's an eel!" Fishlegs shouted, although we had no idea where 'there' was. I smiled once more as the twins and Snotlout joined our little jet-line. I heard them both shout in excitement, this was the most fun in years!

I watched as Hiccup and Toothless made a vertical flight, twirling and the Night Fury let off an ear splitting screech.

Our- _my_ 'dragon boy' was back.

* * *

><p>Like it? Hate it? have something to say about it?
Review!

this took me quite a while (pathetic right? -, -). Sorry if Astrid's a bit...outa character...me and her are just so different (here I go with excuses...)

Reviews are love! hope you have a great day, and thanks for reading!

~catz4eval01

End
file.